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“ The foes are like the stars of night !
 “ Their number such, their arms are bright.
 “ The foes are like the northern wind—
 “ Of strength too vast to be defin’d !
 “ Our doom is, if their rage we face,
 “ Despair, discomfiture, disgrace !”

Bold Gam, he told another tale :—
 “ I’ve mark’d the foe on hill and dale ;
 “ There is enough—and that is all ;
 “ Enough to fight, enough to fall,
 “ Enough to grace our triumph gay,
 “ And full enough to run away !”

The Cambrian warrior’s story brave
 To cooling bosoms ardour gave—
 On they rush’d and charg’d : how well
 The fame of Agincourt can tell ;
 Where bleeding on the field of fight
 The dying Gam was dubb’d a Knight.

My countryman of olden days,
 Bold David Gam, demands my lays ;
 He, who on the Gallic plain
 Rests among the valiant slain ;
 He, who fills a warrior’s grave,
 Oh he—the bravest of the brave !

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

IMPROMPTU

On the BIRTH of an HEIR to the HOUSE of WYNNSTAY,
 May 22, 1820.

Welcome, stranger, to our land,
 Welcome to each hill and vale,
 Where the sons of Cymru stand,
 Eager thy approach to hail.

Joy and gladness for thee wait,
 Honour too and love attend :
 In return, be this thy fate,
 Ever live old Cymru’s friend.

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